

is a delight to read. The style is crisp, the explanations crystal-clear. One chapter leads to another with a telling phrase at the end of each, pointing the way to the subject of the next, as in a skilful serial story. It is a model of the historian's art. Drawing together into one coherent whole a pattern of events, discussions and messages over a global field, covering every aspect of war and politics, is a formidable task, which Professor Howard has accomplished with intricate skill. It is to be compared with a great battle scene, except that in an official history artist's licence cannot be allowed. The official records must be the raw material: the account must be authoritative, authenticated in every detail and scrupulously fair. To have achieved all this and in addition to have produced a book which it is a pleasure to read is a literary achievement of the highest order.

The major problems which the British and United States Chiefs of Staff had to face during this period and attempt to solve, when they got together in Washington, Casablanca and Quebec with the President and Prime Minister, were the balance of priorities and therefore of resources between Europe, including the Mediterranean, and the Far East, and within Europe between the Mediterranean and a direct cross-Channel invasion. There were, of course, other very important aspects of the war: the Battle of the Atlantic and the bomber campaign. They affected and were affected by the other main problems of strategy, but their planning and execution were not so much an affair of the Combined Chiefs of Staff.

Priority for Europe

The story starts with an agreement that the defeat of Germany must come first, and that Europe therefore had priority over the Indo-Pacific theatre. To the Americans this meant that Bolero, the build-up of United States forces in the United Kingdom in anticipation of Roundup, the cross-Channel invasion, had first priority. But by August, 1942, the beginning of the period with which this volume deals, it was clear that Roundup was not possible in that year, and that there was doubt about its possibility in the first half of 1943.

But neither the United States Army

nor the British Army which had been built up in the United Kingdom since the days of Dunkirk could be expected to stand idle while the Russians bore the full weight of the German war machine. If the Soviet Union gave up, there was no hope whatever of a successful outcome of the war. In July, 1942, the outlook in the desert war against Rommel looked as bleak as the scene in Burma. Reluctantly therefore the United States Chiefs of Staff accepted Gymnas, the invasion of North Africa from the west; but with the proviso that it should only be undertaken if the situation in Russia by September 15, 1942, indicated such a collapse of Russian resistance that the Germans would be able to release sufficient forces from the eastern front to the west to make Roundup clearly out of the question in 1943. If that were so, Gymnas should be launched before December, 1942. If, in their eyes undesirable, course had to be adopted, Roundup would not be possible in 1943, and the general strategy for Europe would be a containing one of holding a defensive ring, once established in North Africa, pounding away at Germany by air and switching the main effort to the Indo-Pacific.

The British Chiefs of Staff gave silent acquiescence to this line, but it was very soon undermined first by the Prime Minister and rapidly thereafter by the President. Each in turn agreed eagerly that Gymnas (which later became Torch) should be undertaken. They totally ignored the proviso and saw no reason to delay the decision, which was taken by Roosevelt on July 30, 1942.

The rest of the book is in essence the story of the misunderstandings and differences which arose from the gradual erosion of the stand taken by the United States Chiefs of Staff, coloured throughout by their feeling of having been tricked or let down by the British on this occasion. It affected the actual plan for Torch. If the aim of the landings in North Africa was merely to establish a link use of Morocco as a base for air and naval operations, there was no reason to venture too far into the Mediterranean and thus increase the risks which intervention by Spain or by Germany in Spain would bring.

When these hesitations had been overcome, Torch had been successful and clearance of the whole North African shore accepted, there was an even greater reluctance to accept further commitments in the Mediter-

anean. Either the Allies should revert to their original priorities, and plan and press forward with Roundup as soon as possible, or they should stick to the "containment" strategy in Europe and switch their effort to the Indo-Pacific theatre.

Circumstances had by now, however, changed. El Alamein and its sequel, leading to the early prospect of joining hands at Tunis and the clearance of the Mediterranean sea route, had opened up exciting possibilities in the whole Mediterranean area. The need to take the great military risk of a possibly premature cross-Channel invasion to save Russia from collapse had disappeared. Far from collapsing, it now looked as if Russian pressure on the Germans would be one of the factors which would make Roundup possible, although not in 1943. As in the previous year, it would be intolerable to keep large forces hanging about doing nothing once Tunisia was captured, and the exciting prospect of knocking Italy out of the war loomed, as did that of exploiting the difficulties which this would bring to the Germans in the Balkans. And might not Turkey then be persuaded to throw in her lot with the Allies? The oilfields of Rumania and some of the important war industries in the south of Germany, hitherto practically immune to bombing, could be brought within range if Italy or Turkey could be used as a base. These were the prizes that to the British, and particularly to Churchill, seemed within grasp. In comparison the need to bring greater aid to China via the Burma road or the airlift over the hump in order to employ her forces and airfields in the war against Japan, and to devote greater efforts to the island-hopping Pacific war, seemed less immediate. To launch a cross-Channel invasion before the conditions for success were favourable seemed the pursuit of folly for the sake of principle.

Once more to the Americans the British, either through pusillanimity or through guile, seemed to be evading previous undertakings. Decisions were finally reached at the Second Washington Conference in May, 1943, shortly after the end of the North African campaign, as a result of hard bargaining between the Combined Chiefs of Staff. First they fixed a target date for Roundup—May 1, 1944—and a definite allotment of forces to it—nine assault and twenty build-up divisions. To achieve this, Eisenhower would have to turn four American and three British

divisions to the United Kingdom before the end of the year and also the additional air forces he had been given for the invasion of Sicily. The second was that, in exploitation of that invasion, Eisenhower was to mount "such operations as are best calculated to eliminate Italy from the war and to contain the maximum number of German divisions"; but each operation was to be subject to the approval of the Combined Chiefs and this second decision would be subject to review once Sicily had been occupied. The Americans had succeeded in obtaining a firm and unequivocal British commitment to Roundup and set severe limitations on potential British ambitions in the Mediterranean; but they themselves had been forced to face the fact that, if Italy collapsed, something had to be done to exploit the situation.

These decisions determined the subsequent course of the war in Europe, although the Allies became as heavily committed in Italy as Marshall feared and predicted that they would. Exactly what contribution that made to the success of either the Russian advance or the operations in North-West Europe remains a subject of great controversy, outside the scope of this volume.

The Chinese contribution

In the Far East the discussions of the Combined Chiefs of Staff revolved fundamentally around the contribution which China or its airfields could make to the war against Japan. Here there were many wheels within wheels. Within China itself Chenault's demands for absolute priority for his air force, so that it could develop air attacks on the Japanese in China, at sea and in Japan itself, were favoured by both Chiang Kai-shek and Roosevelt. Stilwell, backed by Marshall, viewed both Chenault's claims for the effect he would produce and for the ability of the airlift over the hump to support it with the greatest scepticism. Stillwell appreciated that such action would inevitably lead to attacks by the Japanese army on the airfields, which the Chinese army would not be able or willing to resist. He saw the reconquest of northern Burma and the opening of a road to Chungking as the only way of keeping China in the war; and the Chinese would certainly not play a part in this unless the British played a full part themselves.

Wavell, starved of all except Indian manpower, the immense difficulties of transport, terrain and climate, was in Burma for a purpose of doubtful value or interest. The only sensible direct amphibious assault on Rangoon, but the resources were never made available. Operation Amakim remained a book almost throughout the war. Churchill and Wavell also, in pursuing will-o-the-wisp development of Wingate's Range Penetration Group, the appointment of Mountbatten to command it, the development of the operations in the Pacific, the release of resources from the Mediterranean eventually made implementation of the plan well advanced consistently and advocated.

Within the pattern of these discussions, Professor Reinger reveals the fascinating background, the political complications, both the landings in North and the surrender of Italy. The term "unconditional surrender", almost hapazardly used by Roosevelt, is clearly revealed as the difficulties it led to, the re-admission, yet in the early in dealing with the Second World War he was an assured representative of his country in Britain, Russia and America.

The driving purpose of his life was the resuscitation of his native Poland. But unlike many Polish patriots, from Pilsudski downwards, he was no narrow nationalist. He was a man of wide vision, a man who saw that Poland could not be restored by men who worked only within and never left their native land except to confront foreign enemies. Such men were indeed, indeed, but they had to be complemented by men capable of seeing on a wider stage. So Reinger, who he had influential relations, and later to London, where he was a total stranger. From the outbreak of the First World War onwards, he dabbled in innumerable causes which might conceivably help his national purpose: the formation of a Polish legion, Zionism, a sepiatic peace between Austria and the Western Allies, various long shots in Spain and Mexico and finally the European movement. His methods

were devious and indirect, and often seemed pointless. Sometimes his bitter tongue was his own worst enemy. He describes unabashed how he insulted the formidable Margot Asquith in her own drawing-room at 10 Downing Street, and how he deliberately set out to annoy Lord Northcliffe. Although the reasons for his shabby treatment by the French and American governments are obscure, it is hard to believe that none of the blame lay with Reinger himself.

Because of his planned adoption of the role of *cinquante grise*, which led him to eschew public appearances, speeches and even published writings, there is inevitably much obscurity in the biography which his former secretary has constructed. The autobiographical notes which he dictated late in life are fascinating but incomplete. It is unlikely ever to be known, for example, how he became the confidant of two Mexican Presidents in their struggle with the United States Government, since Reinger's recollections of such episodes always begin in the middle. Even for the most dramatic adventure of his life, when he parachuted into German-occupied Poland at the age of fifty-seven, Mr Pomian has to rely heavily on the account of his principal companion for his reconstruction of the story. Nevertheless, even through Reinger's self-effacing reticence, the episode shines out as one of the most exciting and courageous adventures of the war. How important it was in the evolution of Polish policy towards the Soviet Union, which was its principal object, is hard to say. Reinger certainly, as the devoted supporter of Sikorski and later, though less enthusiastically, of Mikolajczyk, was always inclined to a policy of compromise with the Soviet government. But he was too loyal a Pole to fail to assert categorically that the Russians and not the Germans were responsible for the massacre at Katyn. He was on less sure ground in asserting that the Russians deliberately provoked the Warsaw Rising in 1944 before abandoning the city to its fate.

It was natural that during the Second World War Reinger's energy and ingenuity were concentrated upon Polish interests in the narrow sense. But he was at the

same time maturing his long cherished vision that Poland could only survive and prosper in a wider European context. The idea first came to him in the interwar years, when he attended many gatherings of socialists and trade unionists. Ideologically he was inclined to socialism, though never attached to that reason, he never fully understood the nationalist inhibitions which affected the left-wing parties of Western Europe. As early as the mid-1920s he was shocked and disappointed by Ernest Bevin's negative attitude towards the European idea. Others from whom he expected sympathy were equally discouraging as soon as he tried to turn theory into practice: Sumner Welles in the United States, Churchill and Cripps in Britain, de Gaulle in France, and even the Pope. Nevertheless, he persevered with the backing of a few enthusiasts, and finally had the satisfaction of seeing the Council of Europe emerge to fruition. He did not live to witness the rather different course which the European movement took after the signing of the Treaty of Rome. It might have surprised him, but he would not have regretted it.

From Reinger's point of view, any move towards supra-nationalism in Europe would have been welcome. He had little understanding of economics and no interest in administration. Characteristically, he went through life, as his biographer says, with no permanent home and "unburdened by possessions". He was a pioneer of ideas rather than an architect of constitutions. Of all his contemporaries in international affairs, perhaps the man most like him was Roosevelt's adviser, Harry Hopkins; but Hopkins had the advantage of speaking with the authority of the head of a great nation. Reinger's self-imposed task of speaking for a nation which had only twenty years of independent history in the past century and a half was infinitely more difficult. It cannot be said that he wholly succeeded, but his failures were not ignominious. He emerges from Mr Pomian's frank but sympathetic compilation as a man of burning fervour and sharp intelligence; in many ways attractive and admirable, but mysterious and tantalizing to the last.

Intriguer for good causes

JOSEPH REINGER: A Biography of an Ambitious Grise Edited by John Pomian. 300 pp. Chatto and Windus. £3.25

"The word conspiracy has an ugly sound in Western ears", wrote Joseph Reinger in one of his abortive fragments of autobiography. "How different was its meaning in Poland, where, if anything, a person was assumed not to be a conspirator." In this difference lies the key to the ambiguity of his personality. So far as he was publicly known at all, which was only in the last decade of his life, Reinger had the reputation of being a crafty intriguer for good causes, such as the unification of Europe. His earlier life was subject to much deliberate mystification, which his secretary, John Pomian, has found it impossible completely to unravel. He had a suspect record in many countries. In France he was known as "l'homme des Anglaises"; in Mexico, where he arrived in the early 1930s as a penniless refugee, he played a significant part in frustrating an American "dollar imperialism"; in the United States in consequence he was imprisoned, deported and later asked re-admission. Yet in the Second World War he was an assured representative of his country in Britain, Russia and America.

These were great problems, great events, world-embracing scope, complex in all their interrelations, and inextricable relationships. He was years later, far from being discredited by the activities of the participants, one cannot, as one reads this volume, but be filled with admiration for the ability of the man who held the centre of the stage. It was courage with which they faced immense decisions, crowding thick and fast in the turmoil of the clarity with which they presented the problems and the reasoning and their decisions. Broad grasp, vigour and energy, Churchill, the decisiveness of Roosevelt, the calmness of the Chinese, the undoubted great men, the Prime Minister and the Chief of Staff. Grand strategy it was.

Homage in high places

ANDRÉ MALRAUX: Oraison funèbre. 140 pp. Paris: Gallimard. 14fr.

Between 1958 and 1964, André Malraux made a number of speeches as the Minister of Culture of the Fifth Republic. Eight of them have been brought together in *Oraisons funèbres*. They include memorial addresses on the deaths of Braque and Le Corbusier, a homage to Picasso (in 1959), a speech to UNESCO in honour of the Alliance Française (in 1960). Perhaps the most typical examples of Malraux's oratory and of his conception of the role which such official speech-making would play are the commemoration of Jean de Arc in Rouen and the address marking the transfer of the remains of the resistance leader Jean Moulin to the Pantheon, both pronounced in 1964.

It is not always clear whether or not these are the exact texts of the speeches which were delivered, and at the beginning of them seems not to begin at the beginning (but then, some of Malraux's writings have this characteristic). There must have been some revision and in a short preface to the reader indicates his anxiety that the reader should bear in mind the particular nature of this form of literature. "La vie", he writes, "n'est pas un rôle dans l'histoire. Elle est une littérature." Literature, like history, is directed "au lecteur" while the real "fonction"

address is directed towards a mass of people ("la vraie s'adresse à une foule").

For all their occasional nature, these speeches are very like other Malraux speeches which have been published elsewhere, and they repeat many of the themes which are to be found in his novels and in his other writings. Behind the vehemence, the exaltation and the sometimes overemphatic eloquence, there are a few simple, recurrent ideas. Naturally there is the theme of death. There is also the notion of conflict, the dialectic of diversity, the awareness of the past, the awareness of predicaments now existing which have never faced earlier civilizations. Through the grandiloquent device of teaching his audience something ("Et puisque tous les Français savent qu'il y a une part de l'homme de la France qui s'appelle Victor Hugo, je ne bon de leur dire qu'il y a une part de l'homme de la France qui s'appelle Braque"), we can see an enthusiasm for greatness, a praise of courage, a pride in man's consciousness of his destiny and a sense of the world's vastness.

Many of these themes, together with Malraux's intense patriotism, come together in the speech about Jean Moulin, the first unifier of the Resistance, who was tortured to death by the Germans and who never revealed his secrets. Malraux tells the story of Moulin simply and directly. He evokes the very Gaullist theme of unity:

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Animal, mineral

NATHALIE SARRAUTE:
Vous les entendez?
222pp. Paris: Gallimard. 17fr.

In *Vous les entendez?* Nathalie Sarraute resumes her vocation as a registrar of the unutterable. With effortless malevolence, she puts a match to the dead wood of polite conversation and shows it up as an alibi, a cover-story for the "soul-conversations" which are socially inadmissible except in fictions. Just below the affable traffic in clichés by which most of us survive, sentiments of a more hurtful kind are continually lobbying for air-space: in Mme Sarraute's cruel and exact novels they get it. Like Ivy Compton-Burnett, she colloquializes human encounters down to their roots and strips all authenticity from the bluntness of them which is all we usually see. There could be no better method for pillorying the vacuity of conventional dialogue, in life or in books.

Her victim in *Vous les entendez?* is not an entirely new one; it is the connoisseur. In *Les fruits d'or*, Mme Sarraute took her knout to the pet phraseology of the literary pseudo; this time it is the "art-lovers". As in that earlier novel, the ado is, very pointedly, about nothing. Before it was a novel, also called "Les fruits d'or", which was the non-existent excuse for much critical posturing and bickering; now it is another art-object, a rough stone sculpture of an animal from some pre-Columbian source. This creature (and no English word can preserve the unkind ambivalence of the French *bête*) belongs to no namable zoological species but is a cross between several. It is a metaphor and not a straight imitation of the natural world.

Its owner sits admiring it, and himself for owning it, in the company of an old friend. The living is gracious and he is, judging by the words he actually speaks, the unflappable aesthete: snugg, appropriative and fiercely watchful of the cultural decencies. But he has his worries and there are his children and they are frighteningly far from sharing his own reverence for his possessions. Instead, the aesthetics of *Vous les entendez?* are dominated by the sound of their uncontrollable laughter. The young generation are neither numbered nor named, but as *ils* they wield great power, and their collective iconoclasm towards the idol on their father's table dislocates utterly the ease and security in which he habitually lives. There is anguish, therefore, in the question which the father puts to his quiet, uncommitted friend: "Vous les entendez?" But the friend is not much help, so studiously balanced and reasonable is he; the only consolation he can rise to is of the "we were young too, once" kind.

Downstairs, then, we have Art and upstairs Nature scoffing at Art's pretensions, and *Vous les entendez?* comes into being as the trouble-shooter in this intractable dispute. It is a series of fantasies of reconciliation, coming and going in the imagination (the imagination rather than any particular imagination) and, in the end, by the repeated failure of its efforts, widening the fissure it had set out to plug. The father oscillates between postures (or fables) of tyranny and abjection, but there is no way he can free himself from the grim situation in which he has been put. For his difficulties are not familial ones at all, he is a man

abruptly deprived of his world against the realities of life. His art-collection, and animal in particular, are his. He may fancy that he picks up pieces in order to rescue them from the tawdry confinement in his house, but, however, it is they which shield him against the assault of his own decay and the orderliness of art is a refuge which has sustained him, but not stand up to the spontaneous, anarchic laughter that it has evoked. Spontaneity is what he has fought for, and for him Nature is not a force to be feared, but a force to be mastered, and he has made a fetish of it. But the world is not so simple, and he has made a fetish of it. But the world is not so simple, and he has made a fetish of it.

Vous les entendez? was written in the 1950s, when the art-lover's standing in every society was unimpaired. It is a study in the psychology of the artist, and a study in the psychology of the artist, and a study in the psychology of the artist.

Peking up the pieces

PIERRE-JEAN REMY:
Le Sac du Palais d'Été
590pp. Paris: Gallimard. 42fr.

Le Sac du Palais d'Été is a mosaic. It is broken up into such tiny pieces that, because it is a linear mosaic and not to be taken in with one look, unlike the floor of a Roman villa, it places a considerable and not really necessary strain upon a reader's powers of synthesis. It ought to be taken in at one enormous gulp. But 590 is a lot of pages and a man after all must go to turn his living, eat, and take the dog for a run. Why do so many writers these days feel obliged to flourish their technique as if it was a tomahawk? That said, it should be added that it does come together, that it does build up into something impressive and original.

The title, like so much else in this book, seems to be there in order to tease. The sack of the Summer Palace in Peking took place in 1860 and marked the opening of the final phase of Western ascendancy—mainly British and French—in China, which was to last for half a century. This event is only fleetingly referred to in Pierre-Jean Remy's book, which is about (in so far as it can be said to be about "a single subject") Mao's Cultural Revolution in China and centres on the year 1966.

M. Remy sets out, most purposefully to blur the literary categories. Fiction, biography, history, personal memoir—the book contains elements of all of these and of others besides. To begin with, much is made of one very real, and very interesting, person, Victor Segalen, sailor, writer and explorer, who died in his early forties in 1919. Segalen wrote a novel with a Peking background, called *Rend L'été*, and numerous extracts from this novel are woven, if that is not too much a word, into M. Remy's book. Segalen's explorations of hinterland China are also brought in, and paralleled by another non-imaginary Chinese journey carried out in the 1930s, though this time the parallels are given fictitious names. M. Remy is presumably working to some real and imaginary system, but it is hard to see what exactly this system is. China's Cultural Revolution, a de-

liberate and ruthless break with more than a thousand years of creative life, lies at the centre of the book. It is seen mainly through the eyes of two men: Simon Anglade, middle-aged, who works as an editor in a foreign books centre in Peking, and Guillaume, a press attaché, who has a love-affair with Kupah, a Burmese girl of tender age—though tender isn't quite the word for Kupah, who is nastily precocious. Guillaume loves his job in Peking in 1966 on account of Kupah, and in that same year the revolution drives Simon out too after fifteen years in China. What they see going on around them in that final year, numerous brief snapshots popped in at random (so far as one can see) in the vast hotchpotch of the book, has a strong cumulative effect and has become by the end its most valuable single element.

Bishop's moves

STEFAN ANDRES:
Die Versuchung des Synesios
507pp. Munich: Piper. DM 28.

Stefan Andres died in 1970, aged sixty-four, shortly after completing the typescript of this novel. As a young man Andres, a Rhineland Catholic, had trained for the priesthood; later he switched to literary studies and became a highly proficient man of letters. He never lost his youthful sense of vocation entirely, however, and much of his work—such as the well-known Spanish Civil War epic *Wir und Utopia*—showed a preoccupation with the problems of religious belief.

Andres also had a deep interest in, and predilection for, Southern Europe. He spent many years (including his retraining) in Italy and set several of his novels in the Mediterranean region. *Die Versuchung des Synesios*, his last work, combines a favourite theme with a preferred location: the hero, Synesios, is a bishop whose diocese covers the Mediterranean littoral of Libya. The period of the novel is

late Classical Antiquity. Synesios, a complex character, undergoes a fold conversion: from Neo-Platonist philosopher to Christian bishop, from self-sufficient, always the defender of the common weal, to a defender of the common weal. According to Andres, Christian faith was permanent despair at the human condition, "temptation" of Synesios was precisely of the laudable kind, a substitute commitment for the loss of his civic spirit enabled him to witness the forces of self-destruction and decay. He fights against the decay, the forces of self-destruction and decay. He fights against the decay, the forces of self-destruction and decay. He fights against the decay, the forces of self-destruction and decay.

Die Versuchung des Synesios is thus a *roman à thèse* with a particularly original thesis. Synesios is not without a certain attraction to her is sufficiently strong to survive the sight of a woman, entering "kicks" to a crowd. He joins the group, and the long, long journey, many incidental details.

FICTION

Pig sticking

HUBERT SELBY, Jr.:
The Room
Hpp. Calder and Boyars. £2.50.

This book is dedicated, with love, to the thousands who remain nameless and know. The dedication of Hubert Selby's new novel, *The Room*, is as in the fated and voked. Spontaneity is what he has fought for, and for him Nature is not a force to be feared, but a force to be mastered, and he has made a fetish of it. But the world is not so simple, and he has made a fetish of it.

Those are a couple of relatively mild passages. One of the fantasies, in which the policemen pick up and rape a young woman (thereby giving the prisoner, in his role of counsel, more courtroom ammunition), is so brutish as to make the gang-banging of Tralala in *Last Exit* look like U. S. Certificate material, and a description of a ball being squeezed, strung out over three pages, is more than enough to make the bile rise. Blood, mucus, slime and pus drip from the pages as the fantasies become more and more frenzied. The impression of a man crazed by an impotent fury and by a wild, hopeless need for revenge is intended and—undeniably—achieved; the problem is that what begins as an understandable emotional indulgence on the part of the main character becomes to look increasingly like a technical indulgence on the part of the author, and a self-defeating one at that. Used as an occasional shock tactic, the prisoner's ungovernable, psychotic daydreams could have possessed great power; their effect on the reader growing as their destructive effect on the prisoner became more apparent. A few cursory attempts are made, between fantasies, to construct a character and background for the prisoner, though these tend to differ in degree, rather than in kind, from his flights of violent fancy; but apart from these instances—excepting, too, the imagined courtroom scenes, which display a welcome though all too infrequent subtlety—there is little enough chance to detect whatever muddled pleas the author might be making for justice and reform. The bludgeon of sadism is wielded so excessively and with such force that the reader is soon clubbed into insensibility, incapable of registering much beyond the repetitive, horrific blood and sperm letting.

Ken Kesey's attack on some of the less pleasant aspects of society is an altogether cooler and more persuasive affair. *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* was first published in this country in the early 1960s; reissued, now, it has none of the vital nostalgia of a period piece, despite the seminal influence of the book and of the author's life-style: he was dropping tabs of acid when most others were still getting high on root beer, and the "Acid Tests" he began on the West Coast of America all but turned on an entire generation.

Unsurprisingly, then, his protagonist, Randle Patrick McMurphy, follows a policy of liberation and disruption. Transferred from prison to a mental hospital where lobotomies are considered like aspirin, he quickly becomes a thorn in the side of officialdom, smashing into the deadening passivity of patients who had long since written themselves off as hopeless cases, and antagonizing, in particular, Big Nurse who had previously ruled her ward like a demagogue.

The narrator is Chief Bromden, half-Indian, and thought by the hospital staff to be deaf or catatonic. His slow recovery of speech and the ability to govern his own life is a measure of the success of McMurphy's revolution—a guerrilla operation which before long evolves into open warfare. It is a struggle doomed to limited success, and McMurphy is not among the survivors: what does survive, though, is his anarchic influence. The analogy is not heavily disguised, nor is it meant to be, but it rarely seems intrusive—principally, perhaps, because the novel, like its hero, strikes its disgust with an irrepressible good humour: energetic, infectious and justifiably subversive.

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The Proletariat

LI CIAN BLIT:
The Origins of Polish Socialism
Harrp. Cambridge University Press.
£3.

Little is known in the West about the history of Polish socialism before Rosa Luxemburg. Lucian Blit's short study of the socialist group known as "Proletariat" is therefore particularly important. Throughout the nineteenth century, and again since 1945, the Polish people have been faced with the question of cooperation or opposition to the Russians. In the years after 1863 the question seemed to have been finally settled. The crushing of the Polish patriots in the rebellion of that year pointed to the hopelessness of further violent struggle for independence. Seven years later the defeat of France by Prussia drove home the fact that the Polish revolution could not expect the help of France. For the next thirty years Polish political life was dominated by those who sought salvation in cooperation with the Russians.

It is into such an atmosphere that Polish socialism was born. The revolution of 1863 had been the work of the gentry. They received little support from the peasants, many of whom aided the Russian army. The decree of March, 1864, liberating the peasants from serfdom went much farther than the decree which had liberated the Russian peasants in 1861. The leaders of the Proletariat were not, of course, peasants, nor were they workers. They were, as Mr Blit rather quaintly puts it, "the sons and daughters of the higher social groups". Indeed, the connection between the Proletariat and the Russian political group Narodnaya Volya was particularly close. It may be expected that this internationalism was strictly in accordance with Karl Marx's thought. In fact both Marx and Engels, in the true spirit of West European liberal-

ism, regarded Russia as the greatest enemy of liberty in Europe. Hence any group who stood in the way of Russian ambitions deserved the utmost support from all socialists. It is of course true that by the time Proletariat had been founded in 1882 the views of Marx and Engels had changed. In the preface to the Russian edition of the Communist Manifesto of that year Marx and Engels recognized the potential for revolution in Russia. "Russia forms the vanguard of revolutionary action in Europe", they wrote. Yet this did not affect their support for Polish independence.

Proletariat survived for only two years. The police rounded up the members. Some were executed and most of them were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. Nearly ten years were to pass before a new socialist party was founded in Poland. The Polish Socialist Party was committed to a programme of social reform and to the struggle for national liberty. Such a programme was not accepted by all socialists and some of them founded an internationalist party.

Mr Blit's careful reconstruction of the history of Proletariat is marred somewhat by repetitiveness and by careless proofreading. However, when he tries to relate the traditions of this first Polish socialist group to the Polish communism of today, his remarks are very judicious. On the one hand he recognizes that the agreement of March 1, 1884, between Proletariat and Narodnaya Volya marked the beginning of an alliance between the Polish left and the Russian left which has survived to this day. But he also remarks that Proletariat brought into the national consciousness "yesterday's peasants who had only very recently migrated to the towns". They were thus brought into national politics and became aware of their difference from other classes and also from other nations.

Mixture of mixtures

PAUL IGNOTUS:
Hungary
33pp plus 26 plates. Benn. £3.

This is a thoughtful and idiosyncratic book. Paul Ignatus was a liberal journalist in Budapest during the 1930s; worked for the BBC during the war; became press controller at the Hungarian legation in London after the war; and returned in 1949 to Hungary, where he was arrested by Rákosi's political police and imprisoned for seven years. Soon after his release at Easter 1956, he was elected a member of the Executive Committee of the Writers' Union and played a part in the October revolution of the same year. When the Russian guns returned to Budapest, Mr Ignatus returned to London: a refugee for the second time.

All these vicissitudes have failed to embitter him or cloud his judgment. He has remained the same left-wing liberal of the 1930s; he always sees both sides of every medal and, often, three or four sides. Indeed, his intellectual roots go back far beyond the 1930s. He is a nineteenth-century sceptic who knows that no one is ever entirely "right" and consequently no one can be absolutely "wrong"—not even a Stalin; who admits that hindsight makes us wiser—and doesn't hesitate to take advantage of it; and who passionately loves Hungary, wars and all. To these he gives great prominence, curling little for cosmetic skill and face-lifts.

His history is plotted: he describes events which he regards as important from the standpoint of the present. He begins by denying the existence of a Hungarian nation. "Race is rubbish", he declares bluntly, "language alone is distinctive reality". Racially, all Hungary's neighbours are mixtures; the Magyars are the mixture of these mixtures.

In the fourteenth century, under Louis the Great, Hungary became a world power for a moment of history (in those days, of course, meant Europe in those days). An odd selection of medieval kings pop up on these pages: Louis, Matthias Corvinus, St Stephen himself—all described as if they had been the author's personal acquaintances, with whom he had just had a rather civilized quarrel, trying unsuccessfully to make them see the light and mend their ways. None of them is liked: all are understood.

It was the Turkish occupation, lasting for a century and a half, which swept Hungary away from the mainstream of European development. After its liberation, or semi-liberation, Hungary became a country of privilege and has remained such ever since, although both privileges and privileged classes have changed. In the seventeenth century, the plebs were

wretched sets, living like animals and working like cattle. "Freedom" meant the Magyar nobles' right to maintain their privileges, and many a peasant died for his right to remain a serf. It was the Martinovics conspiracy which, for the first time, tried to combine patriotism with social progress. Ignatus's book is a mixture of progress, the country remained backward, agrarian, feudal, unindustrialized, and without proper communications.

An echo from Paris brought strong liberal winds in 1848: freedom of the press, freedom of speech, and the ending of the nobility's exemption from tax, at the same time blindness towards the nationalities became evident, the amazing bigotry which bore the seeds of later and greater disasters in 1918. The Magyars simply denied the rights to others (Slovaks, Rumanians, Croats and so on) which they so vociferously claimed for themselves in their relations with the Austrians.

This insensitive, indeed stupid, policy was one of the causes of Hungary's downfall. The second culprit, according to Mr Ignatus, was the gentry class. The aristocracy had their entitled latifundia; the gentry their entitled jobs. The author calls them bureaucratic parasites. The gentry are responsible for a great deal, but surely the land-owning aristocracy as well as the lower-middle class, the backbone of support for Gábor and later the Nazis—bore a fair share of blame, too.

One knows, however, that such apportioning of historical responsibilities is pointless. All countries in Eastern Europe, however well or badly they behaved, shared the same fate. Czechoslovakia, an ally of the Soviet Union, has become just as much a Soviet satellite as Hungary, the last ally of the Nazis. Mr Ignatus speaks with great bitterness about the fact that the West never raised a finger to help Hungary to evade this fate, pleading the Yalta agreement; but he, too, comes to the reluctant conclusion that support would have made no practical difference.

When we reach modern times Mr Ignatus, an erstwhile prisoner of the communists, bends over backwards to be fair. He mentions Kádár's crimes; his betrayal (if betrayal it was—the author is not sure) of Rajk; his desertion of Imre Nagy; his most repulsive act his complicity in the murder of Nagy; and finally his breaking all promises given immediately after seizing power. But Mr Ignatus also praises the regime where praise is due, analysing the New Economic

Mechanism and comparing Kádár's liberalism and compromise after 1963. What are his symbols? After the Brezhnev talks, the reference book in no doubt that supreme power has been in the Kremlin. Hungary has become an imperial power with considerable elbow-room in the social gap between the two blocs. The belief in genetic differences between people, born and born to obey has disappeared. Most people feel that they have some rights and even a stake in the country, and the common sense of a certain dignity. Ignatus, "has a share in the claim, he thinks, that Hungary have never had it so good as now. Ignatus over-generous, and a little far from the truth, but his joke going around Budapest states that Hungary is simply gayest but in the great concentration camp.

Mr Ignatus's book is a mixture of reading. Many of his paragraphs are witty. Apponyi is an "old friend" of Ignatus's; Ignatus is a man "most emphatically not tolerant"; Ignatus is "highly intelligent but a little Teletki"; and Erno Gieró, Rákosi's successor, "a cross between an ass and a cash register". There are, however, a few takes which might be considered second edition. The old friend Charles X, the last Bourbon King of France. This was one of the first of many splendid, larger-than-life figures to imprint itself on Hungary's memory. Six years later, in 1830, his great-uncle took him to Paris, and he was invited to a ball at the Palais-Royal, then the residence of the due d'Orléans. It was the last grand social occasion of the Bourbon Monarchy. Soon afterwards, Charles X was in exile, and Louis-Philippe, who "entered the great world by the main entrance", he determined to do his utmost to join it. Two years later, in the spring of 1832, he arrived in Paris.

After a week of dreaming in museums and on the quais, he found his pockets empty. His companion's fortune was no richer, and they lived for a month by improvising. Every day, singing, they set to work. Gautier was writing *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. Cérard was working on *La Reine de Saba*, and Housaye himself on *La Pêcheuse*. Rogier drew, or painted water colours, all day long, illustrating Byron or *The Tales of Hoffmann*. In the great salon in the Doyenné, someone would scribble his prose beside the fire, someone else compose a poem as he lay in a hammock. It was an

PHOTOGRAPHY

ARSENÉ HOUSAYE was one of those secondary figures who remain more vital, more fascinating and, perhaps, more symbolic of an age than a so-called major personage. He was, in fact, the reference book in no doubt that supreme power has been in the Kremlin. Hungary has become an imperial power with considerable elbow-room in the social gap between the two blocs. The belief in genetic differences between people, born and born to obey has disappeared. Most people feel that they have some rights and even a stake in the country, and the common sense of a certain dignity. Ignatus, "has a share in the claim, he thinks, that Hungary have never had it so good as now. Ignatus over-generous, and a little far from the truth, but his joke going around Budapest states that Hungary is simply gayest but in the great concentration camp.

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A king of Bohemia

Man About Paris

The Confessions of Arsène Houssaye
Translated and Edited by Henry Knepler.
350pp. Gollancz. £3.

enchanted, vernal world which they would long recall. Houssaye would remember it in his *Confessions*, his *Souvenirs de jeunesse*, and even in poetry. When Houssaye died in 1896, Jules Claretie declared, in his obituary: "Until the end of his life, he incarnated a vanished generation... the free and elegant youth of the poets of the rue du Doyenné." His dearest memories came from the depths of that rue du Doyenné where he had rhymed his first lines to Cydalise.

Fifty years later, in his *Confessions*, Houssaye recalled how he had come to inhabit this golden world. One evening he had stayed so late at the impasse du Doyenné that, when he thought of going down had broken. "It isn't worth going," Rogier protested, "since you're having dinner with me today." That evening the conversation was as good as over. "After the second day," wrote Houssaye.

I sent for my camp bed from the rue de Vienne so that I could live in such excellent company. I might add that I did so at the repeated requests of Théobald and Gérard, as well as Rogier... Rogier didn't want me to pay for the hospitality, but I promised myself I should take my revenge by some language on the days that I had my registered letters (for my mother didn't forget me). No-one has ever lived in gayer or more open friendship.

Every day, singing, they set to work. Gautier was writing *Mademoiselle de Maupin*. Cérard was working on *La Reine de Saba*, and Housaye himself on *La Pêcheuse*. Rogier drew, or painted water colours, all day long, illustrating Byron or *The Tales of Hoffmann*. In the great salon in the Doyenné, someone would scribble his prose beside the fire, someone else compose a poem as he lay in a hammock. It was an

Empire: among them Cora Pearl, whom he described after her decline, and La Palva, with whom he continued to dine in luxury after the fall of the Second Empire. La Palva, the mistress (and now the wife) of the Prussian Count Henckel von Donnersmarck, was notoriously anti-French, and her *hôtel* was said to have been the centre for Prussian espionage. But Houssaye did not trouble his conscience with political niceties. He had seen the coronation of Charles X, he had been on excellent terms with Napoleon III. Now it suited him to consort with the Republic, and to forget, at times, who were its enemies.

He is said to have made a fortune through speculation when Baron Haussmann was transforming Paris. His *hôtel* in the avenue de Friedland (some maintained that the pictures were largely fakes) and for the *hats* *masqués*, sumptuous even by imperial standards, which Houssaye had organized there. He had publicized them himself—for he found time to be a journalist. *La Revue de Paris*, which he helped to edit, had serialized *Madame Bovary*, and published poems from *Les Fleurs du mal*. This was one of his most durable claims to remembrance.

Another is *Les Confessions*, the six massive volumes of memoirs which he published in 1885 and 1891. "One day," he predicted, "someone will remove from my *Confessions* those pages which are too personal and those which only live for a day, in order to preserve the chapters dedicated to the things I have seen and to the great men who have been my friends." Only one section has, so far, been published in English; that concerned with the Comédie-Française. Now, in some 300 pages, Henry Knepler, of the Illinois Insti-

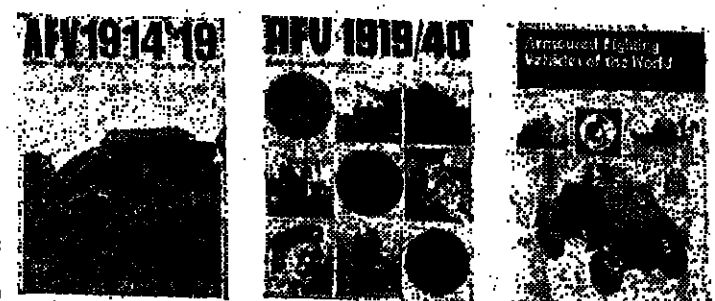
tute of Technology, attempts to give us the essence of the whole work.

It is an attempt foredoomed to failure. *Les Confessions* lose by heavy editing, and by unfortunate translation. The Bohemians of the Doyenné, for example, "went to the theater if Hugo or Dumas were being played. We laughily passed up the musicals." Gautier's father was a tax-receiver at Passy; it is hard to see how this becomes "Gentlemen's Gate" or, indeed, how Eugene Sue took his readers to Red Lantern Street. Professor Knepler might have indicated some of Houssaye's errors: Mme Gautier, the poet's mother, had hardly "dragged her husband from Turbès to Paris to help the poet get a reputation"; Théophile had been three-and-a-half at the time, Carlotta Grist's sister was Ernesta, not Ernestine. As for Professor Knepler's biographical notes, they are lamentably superficial. Princess Belgiojoso is dismissed as a social figure and "for a time Musset's mistress." A recent life of her makes it clear that she had a serious side, and played an important part in Italian politics; her relationship with Musset remained tempestuous but platonic. Émile de Girardin was not "an extremely successful publisher" but a press magnate, and the founder of the cheap press in France. One cannot write a note on Gérard de Nerval without mentioning his poetry or his suicide, but Professor Knepler contrives to do so.

But perhaps it is ungrateful to list the errors made by an amateur student of the period. We should thank Professor Knepler for reminding us of Houssaye in the impasse du Doyenné, Houssaye's encounters with Sainte-Beuve and Mme Récamier, his audience with Talleyrand, his account of George Sand's social life, his lunch with the gigantic Balzac. One is tempted to wonder if it matters that a touch of fiction heightens the narrative from time to time: much of *Les Confessions* is history, but much may simply be the spirit of history, what Victor Hugo called "la vérité historique dévillée".

History of the Armoured Fighting Vehicle

as reviewed in The Times Literary Supplement 4th February 1972



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The Mihajlović myth

STEVEN K. PAVLOWITCH:
Yugoslavia
416pp. Benn. £3.30.

Here is yet another history of Yugoslavia—that is, of the different peoples and regions that make up the modern Yugoslav state—from its earliest beginnings to the present day. Such a history in one volume is a daunting undertaking, and Steven Pavlovitch has tried to find a new approach. Unable to cover the whole of such a vast field, he has tried to make a clearing here and there where the jungle was particularly dense. For these clearings he has selected four major topics—the Yugoslav lands before 1918 and during the period of the kingdom, 1919-1941; the period of the Second World War, which he entitles "The Chetniks"; the period 1945-1960, entitled "Redification, Revolution and Beyond"; and the theme of "Monarchism and Polyethnism".

Within this framework Mr Pavlovitch has put together a great deal of useful material from his own selection of some of the many publications about Yugoslavia and given his own commentary on the evolution

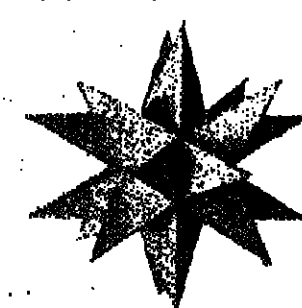
of events. His solution to current problems in Yugoslavia appears to be abandonment of communist government, the return of intelligent leadership to a role in the vanguard of progress and "a countryside psycho-analytic therapy" as "the necessary concomitant to economic reform". Yugoslavia is a difficult book to read. It is a mixture of solid history, interwoven with propaganda. This is particularly true of the part dealing with the Second World War. Mr Pavlovitch, while giving himself the task—and necessary task—of deflating the partisan mythology of the period, has himself created a Mihajlović myth, giving the Chetnik leader a widespread movement, aims, and achievements which bear no more relation to actual fact than did the propagandist efforts of the Royalist Yugoslav government in exile which made Mihajlović their victim during the war.

Mr Pavlovitch's contempt for other writers on Yugoslav history of this period is set out in the preface, and is also evident from the text. "Fashionable vulgarizers, ignorant myth-makers, pontificating 'would-be experts, pompous parrots' are some of the epithets he uses of other writers in the same field. Having set high standards, he must expect to be judged by them himself. He ignored the records of history, illuminate Mihajlović's collaboration with Germans, Italians and the persistent refusal to leave Axis which led to British abandonment of support for him. His policy of support for him, his evidence of this is contained in German documents, Italian memoirs, and British official positions.

It is perhaps to be expected that Mr Pavlovitch should not accept publications of Yugoslav history other than émigrés, but his failure to use the works of J. Tomasevich, F. W. Deakin, and J. M. G. Le Goff, and the persistent refusal to leave Axis which led to British abandonment of support for him, his policy of support for him, his evidence of this is contained in German documents, Italian memoirs, and British official positions.

It is a pity that Mr Pavlovitch has such a strong ideological commitment that it brings his whole work within the category of polemic, which tends to devalue the detailed and useful material given in some parts of the book.

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Spanish origins

AMÉRICO CASTRO:

The Spaniards

Translated by Willard F. King and Susana Margreiter
628pp. University of California Press (HBJ). £7.15.

H. V. LIVERMORE:

The Origins of Spain and Portugal

438pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.

GABRIEL JACKSON:

The Making of Medieval Spain

216pp including 132 illustrations. Thames and Hudson. £2.25 (Paperback £1.25).

The history of medieval Spain continues to baffle and intrigue its students. Here is Harold Livermore placing the origins of Spain and Portugal firmly "in the formative period that embraces the Later Roman Empire, the Germanic invasions and the Muslim conquest of the eighth century". Américo Castro on the other hand accepts Toynbee's affirmation that "none of the present peoples of Europe existed a thousand years ago". He believes

that the feeling of Spanishness as we know it today first came into being during the thirteenth century, and that it resulted from a blend of the three peoples (Christians, Moors and Jews) who inhabited the Peninsula from the time the Moors arrived (A.D. 711).

Gabriel Jackson agrees with Professor Castro in so far as he starts his story in 711, and concentrates his attention on the "three distinctive cultures present in the peninsula", which he considers "by far the most significant aspect of Spanish medieval history"; yet there is a paradox in his treatment since he finishes his story in 1493 and medieval Spain is only finally put together in his last two decades, just when many historians would say the beginnings of modern Spain are to be observed.

Hence the publication of these three books is unlikely to put an end to the great debates which have raged round the problem of Spanish origins. Professor Castro, of course, began one of these contentions himself when he published his classic studies, *España en su historia* (1948) and *La Realidad histórica de España* (1954). All teachers and readers of Spanish history in the Anglo-Saxon world will welcome the publication of an English version of the latter, well translated and in a new form. The newness of *The Spaniards* arises not only from its altered title but from some additional pages and three fresh chapters. In future it will be essential to refer to this edition.

By contrast, Professor Livermore has chosen to go back far earlier in *The Origins of Spain and Portugal*. He has decided to survey the history of the peninsula from the fourth century to the eighth and beyond in a detailed (and occasionally a dense) narrative under the headings of the Later Roman Empire, the Hispano-Gothic kingdom of Toledo and the Muslim invasions. A modern study of this comparatively little-known period is certainly needed. But the thread by which the history of these early centuries is linked to the origin of "Spain" and "Portugal" is very tenuous. The author believes in two "great historical cycles": "the Germanic and Islamic". "The first of

these was brought almost to completion with the restoration of the five Roman provinces under the reign of the romanticizing monarchs of Toledo." The second gave rise to the Reconquest achieved by the resurrection of the two Germanic kingdoms, "the heirs of the Suevi and Visigoths" that is Portugal and Spain.

This main argument seems unconvincing. The question of the duality of the Iberian peninsula should be set in a still wider context. The possibility that Castile and Portugal would unite, rather than Castile and Aragón, was still real in the fifteenth century. Ferdinand and Isabella aimed at a dynastic union of all three. The fact that it failed in the seventeenth century does not mean that it was any more chimerical at the end of the Middle Ages than the union of Castile and Aragón, which did in fact occur and survive. Fortunately, it is not necessary to accept Professor Livermore's scheme to appreciate his book, and he himself is rightly careful to use such terms as "the Spaniards" or "the Hispanic Church" in order to avoid introducing the concept of Spain too soon. When it does appear it comes with something of a shock. A rapid sketch takes the reader from the ninth century to the eleventh; it is almost as if the scale had been too grand and had suddenly had to be cut down.

The puzzled reader can, however, turn to Mr Jackson's account at any point from the eighth century onwards, for it overlaps with that of Professor Livermore. He too has had to condense his text severely, in his case in the interest of the splendid illustrations. The success with which he has, in general, carried off his task is notable. He is surely right to have picked out as his central theme the cultures of the three religions of which Alfonso the Wise claimed to be king. It is this rather than the Reconquest itself which makes Spain unique among European nations. This same feature is bound to make his account especially interesting to present-day students, preoccupied as many of them are with problems raised by the diversity of religions or races within the same state.

The emphasis throughout *The Making of Medieval Spain* is on cultural and social history. This has led inevitably to a contraction of the narrative of political events. At times this becomes too thick and breathless. But an extended account can be easily found in the older textbooks. Meanwhile it is refreshing to be reminded of such matters of social importance as the adoption in Islamic Spain of the order of the menu as soup, meat and sweets—an order which has lasted far longer than the dynasties of Asturias or León. Since this book is bound to run into a second edition it is worth drawing attention to some tiny slips: in fig. 80 read "Cresques" for "Iroqueses"; fig. 23 contains more than the shields of Castile and León; among a general list of illustrations fig. 92 has come under the heading of "Granada: Historia de un palacio islámico (1332-1571)" (Gredos, 1969) and the same author's *Castilla y la conquista de Granada* (Valladolid, 1967).

Literacy in Traditional Societies

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Pity for the people

GWYNNE LEWIS:

Life in Revolutionary France

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Books which purport to describe "Life in..." have a tendency to confine themselves to the merely picturesque if not to the trivial, to the stage properties rather than to the action. Gwynne Lewis is badly served by his title since he does nothing of the kind. He has produced a comprehensive social history of the years between 1789 and 1815. The disproportion between the space available to him and the extraordinarily complex of a period about which so much is known imposes an impressionistic treatment and at times rather better begin with at least a summary knowledge of what happened.

With a brief reference here and an allusion or a telling quotation there, Dr Lewis takes in all the major issues and his subject is nothing less than the whole of French society. After looking at the main social groups he goes on to consider violence and its repression, life in the armed forces and the arts. He handles the problems of condensation so skilfully that only in the last chapter is the reader liable to feel that he is being presented with a catalogue rather than a synthesis. The style is easy and relaxed, at times perhaps excessively so, and apart from one or two minor errors,

such as the appearance of a newspaper with the intriguing title of *Ami des Apaches*, he compresses an extraordinary amount of information into very readable form without any loss of accuracy.

Life in Revolutionary France is a book which sets out to summarize present knowledge and its interpretation rather than to challenge accepted attitudes. By doing so it offers an interesting impression of the present state of French Revolutionary studies as these have evolved in recent years, especially in England and the United States. In contrast to the tendency of some French scholars to plunge into increasingly mathematical analyses of *structures sociales*, Dr Lewis puts the emphasis on people as people. The influence of Richard Cobb is very strong and it is a humanizing influence. In place of the stylized posturing of titanic puppets on ideological strings or the disciplined evolutions of regiments and companies of classes and sub-classes, we get a more lifelike picture of bewildered people trying to observe the conventions of their rank or occupation in conditions of anarchic instability that they could neither control nor understand.

One is reminded of Carlyle's "Pity them all; for it went hardly with them all". Not quite all, perhaps, for Dr Lewis follows Mr Cobb in withholding his charity from those Montagnards who tried to dominate the confusion and impose their own Spartan pattern on

events. The unfortunate Robespierre is paraded once again with his head round his neck like a hanging placard. Even Bonaparte is about the excessive (and clearly reaction against previous) self-criticism of revolutionary government perhaps going too far. The law of 22 prairial for the radical different from the law of 22 frimaire for the perversion by corrupt politicians of the law of 22 prairial for the atrocities he can quite justly be blamed. If it is true, as de la Harpe has argued, that corruption was a major cause of the self-destruction of the Montagnards, then perhaps something to be said for *lucubrations*. To deny the fact of a certain tragic splendour, less than generous—and that warm-hearted book.

There is a tendency to present all the people who lived in the country as undifferentiated "peasants", but it is not Dr Lewis's fault if the present state of knowledge does not allow him to show the effects of the revolutionary upheaval on the yeoman farmers who actively owned a greater share of contemporary means of production than the more easily identifiable middle classes in the towns. He has done is to present a lively synthesis of one of the most complicated periods in European history and to give point to his pertinent illustrations, many of them unfamiliar.

In 1960, there was a lively row in the Cambridge magazine *Delta* over the direction and organization of the University's English Tripos. Sparked off by some terse remarks by Professor C. S. Lewis about the excessive (and clearly reaction against previous) self-criticism of revolutionary government perhaps going too far. The law of 22 prairial for the radical different from the law of 22 frimaire for the perversion by corrupt politicians of the law of 22 prairial for the atrocities he can quite justly be blamed. If it is true, as de la Harpe has argued, that corruption was a major cause of the self-destruction of the Montagnards, then perhaps something to be said for *lucubrations*. To deny the fact of a certain tragic splendour, less than generous—and that warm-hearted book.

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But what is happening? At a first inspection, the syllabus at any rate does not seem to have changed much from the one *Delta* was complaining of twelve years ago. Part One of the Tripos still basically consists of a course that, rather breathlessly, covers English literature from Chaucer to the present day in four papers (English literature and its background since 1830 is all crammed into a single paper). In addition, there is the Shakespeare paper, the Translation paper and the Criticism paper; this last is made up of dating, practical criticism and the familiar set books (these extend from *Antony and Cleopatra*, Sydney's *Apology for Poetry* and Dryden's *Essay of Dramatic Poesy*, via Johnson, the *Preface to The Literary Ballads* and *Biographia Literaria* through to Arnold, James and Eliot).

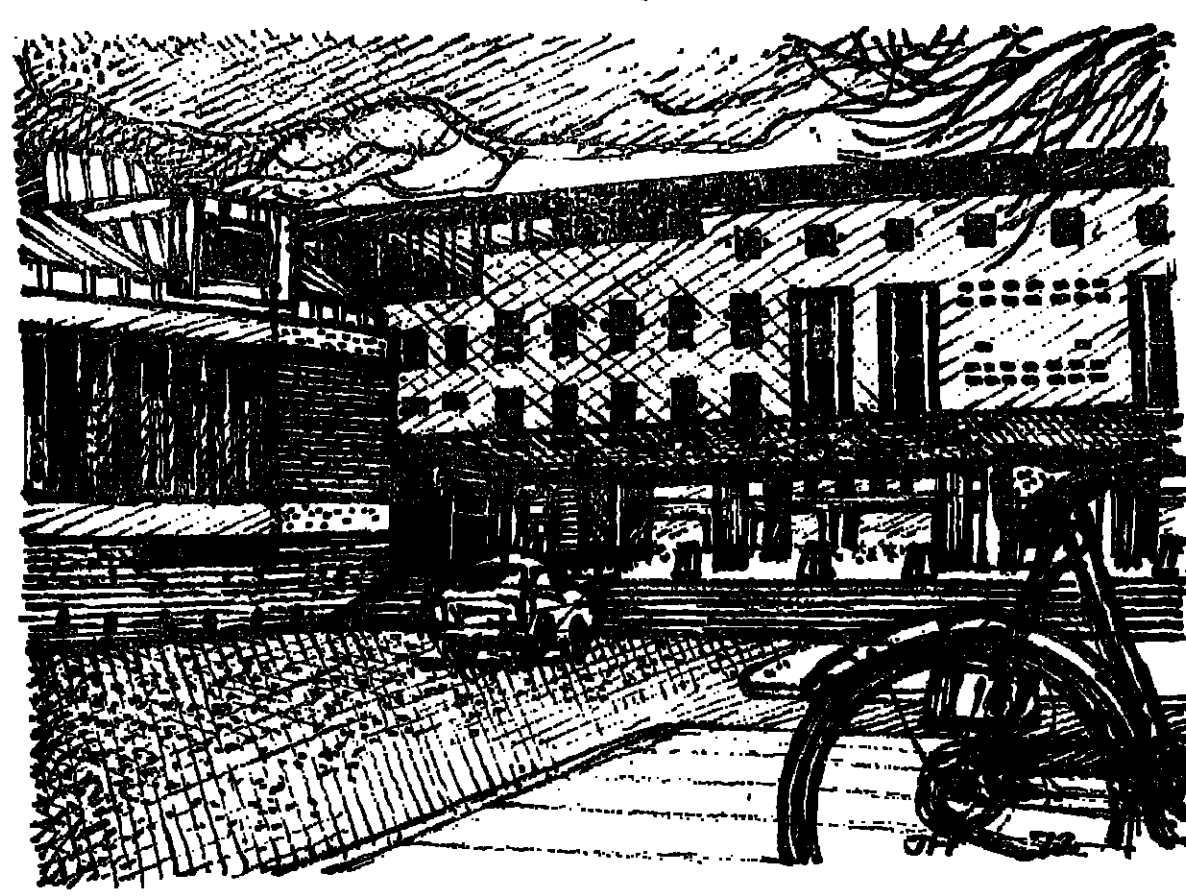
The chief formal change in Part One seems to be that candidates have to substitute for one of the literature papers an essay of not more than 1,000 words on a "topic of literary interest"—the topic to fall within the period covered by the paper it replaces. This mini-thesis hopefully provides the student with an opportunity for sustained argument. But

even this change is not really all that new; it always was possible at Cambridge to submit an "original composition" as an optional extra—local trade fairs at Canton is wrongly referred to Macao; and Francisco Serrão, the Portuguese pioneer of Moluccas, is erroneously alleged to have the dubious authority of Galvanes to have got as far as Macao. Mr Crone's account of Jesuits in China and Japan is more by the retention of archaic, unhelpful or unoriginal names, possibly derived from Pichon, such as Meuco for Kyoto, Amaguchi for Yamaguchi, Cuelius for Collet. The Japanese dictator, Hideyoshi who died in 1598, is alleged to have favoured the Dutch traders in the 1600s. Mr Crone writes:

The growth of Portuguese power continued steadily. Hormuz fell to the Portuguese, aided by the English, in 1622... the settlements on the coast and Ceylon were seized by the Dutch, to be followed by the blow of all, their capture of Malacca in 1641.

Homer has nodded here with a vengeance. The correct sequence, of course, the Dutch conquest of Malacca in 1641, of Ceylon in 1638, and of the Malabar Coast in 1633. *The Discovery of the East* is a better book by J. H. Pary (ed.), of *Reconnaissance*, J. R. (ed.), (*Renaissance Exploration and the Making of Europe*), none of which figure in the "guide to reading".

THE STATE OF ENGLISH—3



Part of the Sidwick Avenue development (1956-64, Cayson Conder and Partners) showing the English Faculty building and library, and left the Lady Mitchell lecture hall. Drawing by Jon Harris.

University of Cambridge

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

1910-45 allows for an up-to-dateness which in the past could only be achieved by way of the voluntary composition. The English Moralists are still there, with Plato and St Augustine now forced to rub shoulders with Nietzsche, Marx and Freud. The History and Theory of Literary Criticism survives, but only just. Never much loved, this year the paper attracted only nine takers out of a possible 230 or so; its days seem numbered at least in its present form.

On the other hand—and here is perhaps the most significant feature of the current Tripos—there is a new paper which enjoys enormous popularity. Called simply *The Novel*, it purportedly covers the period 1830 to 1930. In fact the paper barely imposes any limits; not only can the student wander into foreign languages but he can also, if he pleases, move beyond 1930 to the present day and he is also exhorted to read such early masters as Cervantes, Richardson, Fielding, La Fontaine, Constant, Scott, Jane Austen and Manzoni told *Delta*—men who are still compulsory and three other papers have to be taken from a choice of twenty-two (twice, again, of these twenty-two open to replacement by a dissertation). The Special Subject, Keats, is more attractive than it has sometimes been in the past. It was a long-time favourite for this niche; a choice, it was widely thought, of sheer pedagogic vindictiveness and one of the Special Per-

Question One: "Every great novelist is, in a sense, a social critic." A novelist is nothing if he fails to enlarge our circle of sympathy. Discuss one or more novels in the light of either or both of these propositions.

Question Two: "No novelist who has attempted to give his work an epic dimension has entirely succeeded."

Discuss.

There are no questions on individual novels and hardly any on specific novelists.

And here one approaches the crucial shift that has taken place in Cambridge English Studies. The syllabus may look much the same as it always did, but a change has taken place in attitudes—both of student and faculty—to the emphasis and direction of that syllabus. The new emphasis and direction are detectable, and perhaps unmistakably, away from that territory which Cambridge is most famous for having originally staked out; the territory, in short, of practical criticism, of close engagement with specific texts, of detailed and strenuous evaluation. In other words, Dr Lewis really has retired.

"Lewis stood for a clear idea of what Cambridge English was," one day said to me nostalgically, "he was really the only one who had a profound understanding of that tradition." At the centre of that tradition stands, of course, the famous Practical Criticism paper, and one can gauge the extent of the decline of Lewis's influence by the general scepticism which is now being focused not just on that paper, but on the whole body of attitudes it expresses. Here is a memorandum recently sent out by Professor L. C. Knights to all members of the English Faculty. Coming as it does from one of the editors of *Scrutiny*, the document has a sad, historically decisive ring to it: "I have had for some time the feeling—there is no evidence to warrant a stronger word—that many undergraduates reading for the English Tripos regard Practical Criticism as an exercise of which they have learnt the movements at school, rather than something requiring them to bring to focus all the intellectual and imaginative power of which they are capable. This impression was strengthened by examining for Part Two last year (1971). The Practical Criticism scripts were in general of a much lower level of achievement than those submitted for the other English Literature papers. The report on that paper reads (in part):

Very few candidates showed a sense of responding to words as such; or felt that a particular use of words invited a kind of response other than that of paraphrase. I was disappointed to find so few candidates having anything at all to say about diction, grammar, syntax, prosody, structure, as bearing upon the life of the poem. Mostly, they wrote as though 'prac-

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tical criticism" contained no further possibilities than those embodied in paraphrase and general rumination. An orthodoxy was to be acknowledged, its doctrines and rituals to be maintained; few candidates approached the exercise with any conviction that it might still be problematic.

It is the "orthodoxy", the suggestion of routine, that is depressing; and it represents a widespread misapprehension. Two years previously, in the Examiners' Report for Part I, 1969, it was remarked of Paper I (Essay):

Some very interesting essays were written on Susan Sontag's remark that "interpretation is the revenge of the intellect upon art". It is worth recording that most of these showed some suspicion of, or were openly hostile to, the kind of critical training now commonly associated with University English; as one candidate put it, in "the criticism industry" "one senses an increasing loss of primary contact with a work of art's rhythm and structure". Others seemed to feel a split between what they really felt in the presence of a work of art and the exigencies of formal "practical criticism" which, it is assumed, the English Faculty favours: "We put the ideal pattern over the poem and see how well it fits into our pre-conceived scheme." Obviously the writer of this is thinking of something very different from what goes on in a good practical criticism class; but I did get the impression that some of our hungry sheep were looking for nourishment of a different kind from that which is offered in so many of the post-New Criticism books that—they assume—they are expected to read in an English course.

Professor Knights goes on here to point out that the picture is not one of unrelieved gloom; and that there have been signs here and there of students possessing "genuine ability to read poetry". But his memorandum ends as follows:

There are, then, two questions: (i) whether there are in fact signs of any general decline in students' ability to engage fully with particular pieces of writing; whether Practical Criticism has come to stand for something that is once intellectually stimulating, but is so no longer; and (ii) if the answer to that is, in any degree, affirmative, what is to be done about the teaching of the practice, and the examining of Practical Criticism.

It may be worth while to call attention to a further passage from the Report on the Part Two paper for 1971:

"It must also be reported that there was very little relation between Practical Criticism as it generally appeared in these scripts and the kind of questions which serious readers are asking about literature today. This remark does not mean that I am suggesting a strategic rush to join the structuralists, *Tel Quelists*, or some other fashionable school of critics. It merely means that I think the Cambridge versions of Practical Criticism are in some danger of becoming congealed, I would like to see the paper relaxed, because I share the belief that it involves a fundamental commitment to the literature, but I would like to see it taught somewhat more experimentally, with a greater concern for the possibilities of extension and development. Perhaps it might be better to call the paper *Criticism*, rather than *Practical Criticism*, to make the point that good criticism is an exploration rather than a demonstration.

I do not think that the suggestions made here provide the only solution to the problem; but they are worth pondering. Of course there may not be a problem (it's all a matter of some years being better than others); but I suspect there is—enough of a problem at all events for it to be discussed by the Faculty as a matter of some moment.

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Ernst Fischer in collaboration with Franz Marek

Marx in His Own Words can hardly be too highly recommended... a triumph! (The *Times Educational Supplement*). Now Ernst Fischer, the renowned Marxist historian, again in collaboration with Franz Marek, has compiled a guide to what Lenin really said in all his published writings, as theorist, strategist, tactician. The book also contains a detailed chronology and an historical assessment. £2.25



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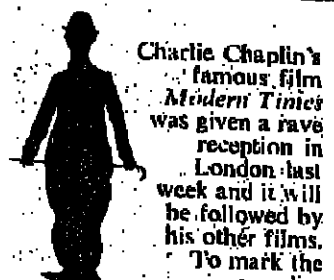
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Charlie Chaplin's famous film *Modern Times* was given a rave reception in London last week and it will be followed by his other films. To mark the occasion Chaplin's *My Autobiography* (£3.00) has also been made available again. "The most fantastic success story of our time" in the words of *The Times*, has remained one of the most popular titles on our bestseller.

BODLEY HEAD

TLS

71st Year 25 February 1972 No. 652

Commentary

The article on page 223 by Alan Ryan, in which he inspects, as a moral philosopher, some of the arguments popularly deployed for and against the official control of pornography, ends the series which we have called "The Abuses of Literacy". The seven articles printed were intended to rationalize and diversify the inextinguishable quarrel over pornography, and to hoist it if possible out of the ruts into which it habitually sinks: they were not intended to provide some healing prescription. Mr Ryan's own conclusion, sustained by references to what most of us would trust was the most benign (and orthodox) tradition of British moral philosophy, is that the censorship of "obscene" material is unethical for unless harm can be established as following from its loss.

If there is a difficulty in espousing this agreeably deflationary line, it comes from the fact that by no means all of those who lobby for the restriction of pornography share this scepticism toward its effects. Some who have clamoured for controls to go believe or pretend that pornography can be good for us. In their zeal to stamp on taboos which, one suspects, may operate more potently in themselves than in society at large, they have gratefully commandeered statistics from Denmark which implied that the ending of censorship in that country brought with it instant opportunities for sublimation for local sex criminals who, up until that moment, had been forced to break their fantasies on flesh-and-blood victims.

These ultras are maintaining, in short, that pornography *does* alter people's behaviour in ways open to

statistical corroboration, by snaking up in private unpleasant desires that would otherwise be realized in public. Looked at like this, the free circulation of pornography is positively therapeutic and should not be withheld from us a moment longer. What is not apparent, though, is why pornographic stimuli should be granted the untoward virtue of provoking only good and never harm. It may be easier to stop people doing something anti-social by such blunt distractions than it is to start them doing it, but it is a clumsy way of justifying the abolition of censorship of material thought noxious by many to cite the proven power of the printed word.

If we accept, moreover, that a judicious sadistic rule may keep a rapist off the streets, this sets up a further question about the cathartic powers of literature in general. If we can purge ourselves of the wish to do harm by identification with some uninhibited hero of a fiction, the same argument presumably holds for conjuring away such desires as we feel to do good. Many a noble deed, in fact, may have been frustrated by a browse through some uplifting hagiography.

But it is reasonable to stop short of the missionary belief that pornography is an instrument of social welfare, and to stick instead with the view that it does neither harm nor good. This is a liberal attitude, and also a very pessimistic one, because it implies the impotence of literature in general to influence the way we live. Literature is surely a continuum, with pornography down one end and moral tracts at the other, and it is hard to believe that somewhere between these extremes a natural break occurs, on one side of which lie the books that can change our behaviour while on the other side they cannot.

Some weeks ago Heinrich Böll published a passionate article in the weekly *Der Spiegel*, attacking the Springer daily *Bild Zeitung* for a piece of inflammatory journalism implicating—without any evidence—the so-called "Händler-Meinhold band" of urban guerrillas in a bank-raid in which a policeman was shot. Herr Böll saw *Bild's* outburst as "no longer just crypto-fascist, no longer just fascist, this is naked fascism. Agitation, lies, filth." Strong language, indeed, from one of the Federal Republic's most respectable

and politically moderate writers. Herr Böll's justifiable anger about this latest example of "trial by newspaper" (another victim of irresponsible editorializing was Rudi Dutschke, who nearly lost his life as a result of a no way meant as a defence of the Baader-Meinhof group or their methods) he describes their armed struggle against capitalism as a "senseless war" but to lay bare yet again the manipulative power of the press in Germany.

While winning Herr Böll some perhaps unexpected friends on the left, his article unleashed hysterical reactions from the right: people like Böll were more dangerous than those who had paved the way for Nazism, said one well-known commentator; another, called him a "salon anarchist"; while the best-selling novelist Hans Habe demanded his resignation as President of PEN. Distasteful as these and many other personal attacks are, the most sinister aspect of the affair is the right-wing press's bracketing of the "critical intelligentist" (to which, presumably, Herr Böll has now been elevated) with activists committed to political violence: a favourite tactic in the days of the student movement. One wonders what political capital they will make out of President Böll's recent visit to East Berlin, to meet his East German opposite number.

Those suspecting a reactionary conspiracy (timed to coincide with debates over Ostpolitik) will not be reassured by a letter which we received last weekend from the documentary dramatist Heiner Kipphardt, which is very relevant in the matter of Heinrich Böll. Herr Kipphardt has asked us to publish a "Demand for Solidarity" regarding the harassment of the West Berlin publisher Klaus Wagenbach. The protest is against the seizure by the police of two of the firm's books: the manifesto of the RAF or Red Army Faction, whose theoretician Horst Mahler is a leading member of the Baader-Meinhof group, and a "red diary" for schoolchildren and apprentices (as we reported in Commentary on December 3 last year). The text of the statement reads:

We wish to warn the general public against tolerating these cases of political censorship. We draw attention to the shamefully equivocal treatment of the facts by the German and foreign press. We maintain that the contradiction of the sexual book was the consequence of a thoroughgoing campaign of denunciation by the Springer press.

Edward Johnston, 1872-1944

FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT

"Edward Johnston, master calligrapher" was the title of the exhibition put on recently at the Royal College of Art, to mark the centenary of Johnston's birth. The title is entirely accurate: his own penmanship had the complete authority that comes from absolute certainty and fluency, diverse without being mannered, controlled without being pedantic; equally, he was, directly or indirectly, the master and teacher of all the distinguished scribes of this century, here and abroad. But his influence stems from something more than the competence of his craftsmanship or his capacity as a teacher. He had a vision of the right way to form letters, variously expressed in the minute attention he gave to incidental details, like preparing parchment, in the infinite care and thought, stretching to long procrastination, which preceded the act of writing, and in the sense of high purpose which he believed it involved. It is this vision which won him the devotion of scribes and letter-engravers from Eric Gill to the present day, and it is one of the major triumphs of this small but well-balanced exhibition that the vision emerges in it, clear to see.

Johnston was twenty-five before he found his métier, and began to study the manuscripts on show in the British Museum; and to model his hand on what he saw. It was only the next year, 1898, when W. R. Lethaby, to whom design in all crafts in this country owes so much for the encouragement he gave it, asked him to teach lettering at the LCC Central School

of Arts and Crafts. So began the renaissance of fine lettering in this country. Despite his own lack of formal training, Johnston seems to have acquired his mastery, both as scribe and teacher, very quickly, if not without great pains and long practice. The little half-uncial manuscript of the Holy Communion Service of 1900 won at the Victoria and Albert Museum (shown in the exhibition) has an uncomplicated certainty which makes it hard to believe it was only three years before that Johnston had begun to write.

But from then on his talent can be seen growing in the few formal books that he finished—was there ever a more graceful italic than that in the copy of Bacon's "Of Gardens" that he wrote for Hakey Ricardo in 1910-11, or better (if quite different) than the two upright romans in the two little books of his own verse that he gave his wife in 1913 and 1918? It can also be seen in his letters, careful in detail, in which he tried to describe his vision, so clear and yet so difficult to put into words; it can be seen in his books, articles and printed sheets, especially the famous *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering*; the astonishing and sympathetic accuracy with which he could imitate the mannerisms of a fifteenth-century English court hand in a Chaucer manuscript; above all, it can be seen from the beautiful constructed devices, to the children's perpetual calendar, which he made for his own or his children's use.

All these, and many more examples of his craft, from the great Roll of Honour for the borough of Keighley to a few lines written for pupils (one, promptly on a village hall table), were experienced by anyone interested in the forms of letters; it is impossible to be unimpressed by the passionate and creative integrity to be seen in everything that Edward Johnston did.

We regard as particularly significant the fact that the Baader-Meinhof group, which is the subject of the book, is a product of the German press.

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The purpose of this series is to provide a comprehensive survey of the social and cultural context of art. The first book in the series, *Art and Society*, by Peter J. R., is a study of the relationship between art and society in the modern world. It is a book that is essential reading for anyone interested in the history of art.

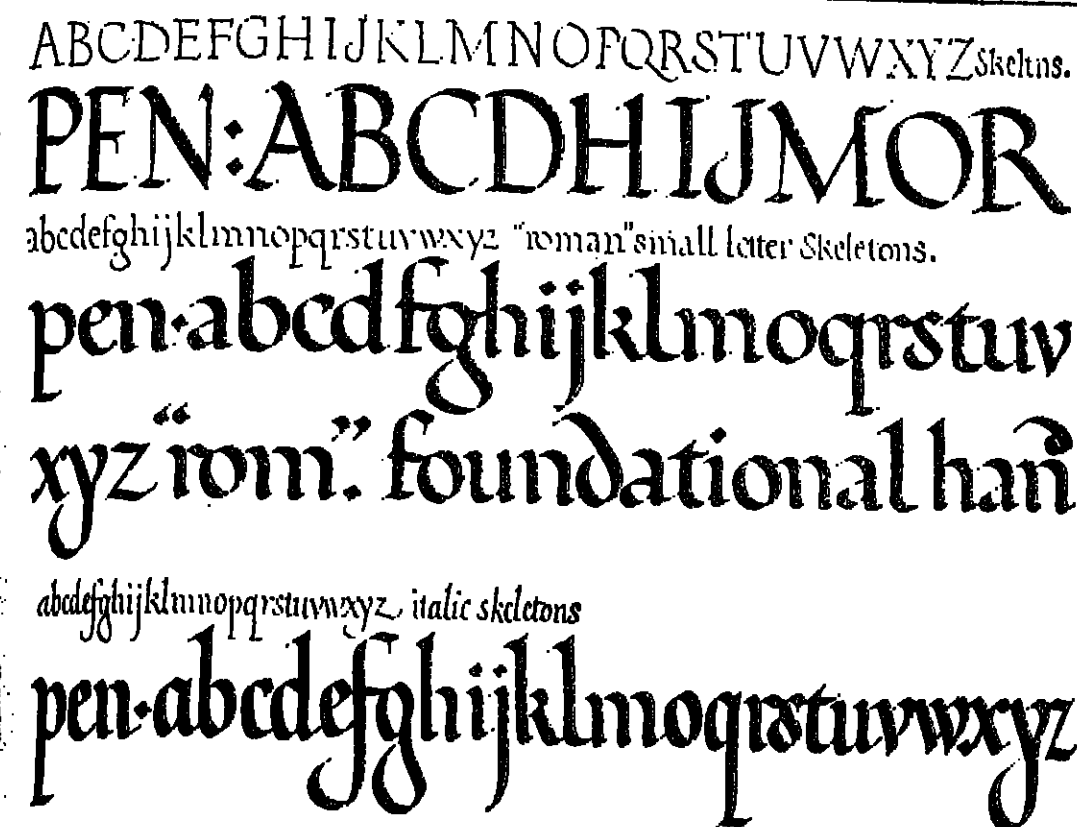
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Skeletons of the current standard forms and a suggested pen standard (in oblique writing). Note: The natural pen hooks and strokes are here used for terminals or serifs.

The art of manuscript

EDWARD JOHNSTON: *Formal Penmanship and Other Papers*
Edited by Heather Child
360 plus 23 plates, 1 and 11/2 inches, £5.50.

EDWARD JOHNSTON was responsible for the revival of the art and craft of calligraphy in our time. His book *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering*, first published in 1906 and now in a new edition, is a masterpiece of the art. It is a book that is essential reading for anyone interested in the history of art.

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The book shows the relative weights of the pen strokes. It is a book that is essential reading for anyone interested in the history of art.

are there but, compared with his first book, *Formal Penmanship* does not have the easy continuity of Johnston's finished writing. Anything written by the master calligrapher would be welcome, but this book is worth the waiting.

Heather Child's editing is masterful and shows understanding and insight. Joan Pilsbury has rewritten and redrawn Johnston's figures, and her work is of the highest quality. The diagrams in Johnston's manuscript were done in pencil and blue ink, when he had to work in bed with a drawing-board propped on his knees. (He was ill during much of his later life.) The material could not be reproduced for the text. However, twenty-four plates in black and white half-tone and one in colour, reproducing manuscript pages and broadsides, put Johnston's own hand into the book. Priscilla Johnston's foreword gives perspective to the volume.

Johnston's intention in writing *Formal Penmanship* was to make "a more explicit statement" on the art of calligraphy, that is, more explicit than the generalities of his *Writing and Illuminating and Lettering*. He thought that "although scribes were working with skill and facility they were sometimes unaware of essentials". In his preface to his first book,

Johnston wrote: "One may lawfully follow a method without imitating its style." But to follow a method, one must fully understand the principles underlying that method. Johnston in her introduction notes that Johnston never slavishly copied an early script. "He grasped the underlying form principles, pondered them deeply, and then wrote with unhesitating spontaneity."

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The unquestioned superiority of Titian

HAROLD F. WETHEY:

The Paintings of Titian
Volume 2: The Portraits
426pp, including 280 plates. Phaidon.
£12.50.

When the first part of Professor Wethey's three-volume survey of the paintings of Titian appeared in 1970, it was observed in the *TLS* (June 4, 1970) that

they may well prove the best illustrated book on Titian; but before the second and third, on the mythological paintings and the portraits, go to press, it is strongly to be urged that some effort should be made to provide them with a text in which the method is more rigorous and the conclusions are more reliable.

In the event, the second volume of Professor Wethey's catalogue, on Titian's portraits, follows so hard on the first, on the religious paintings, that it is inevitably vitiated by the same flaws. Alphabetical arrangement once more impairs its usefulness; with the portraits we read successive entries for Jacopo Sannazaro (so-called), Francesco Svorognan (La Torre, La Schiavona, and Scholar with a Black Beard. To track down the paintings, it is necessary to guess how they are described. Once more the accounts of the condition of pictures are perfunctory and inexact. The evidence of X-rays is again ignored, apparently on the conviction, voiced in the preface, that "the excessive importance attached to such reports by critics with museum connections has passed all reasonable bounds". For proof of their value we need look no further than the recent exemplary publication of an unrecorded double portrait of two children of the Pesaro family, which shows how fundamental X-rays are for an understanding of Titian's intentions as a portraitist. There is, moreover, continuing doubt whether or not the information

given in the catalogue is thoroughly reliable. Taking at random a single page devoted to portraits of "Gentlemen", it transpires, in the case of the anonymous portrait at Berlin; Daldem, that the rendering of the signature is inexact (the picture is actually signed "TITIANUS F.", not "TITIANUS I."), and that the pedigree is wrong: the painting formed part of the Kurlst's collection from the end of the seventeenth century and was not bought with the Solty collection in 1821. These mistakes seem to originate with Tietze. Two entries further on, we come to the "Girl in a Fur Coat" in Vienna. As Professor Wethey rightly notes, "it is generally thought that *La Bella* and the *Leuca* of Urbino represent the same model". But there is no mention of the inference which has been drawn from this, that the painting was commissioned for Urbino, and the main articles in which this case is argued are omitted from the bibliography.

There is also continued uncertainty on the plane of attribution. It is not true that the Berlin portrait was "formerly attributed to Tintoretto until the discovery of a presumed signature at the left centre"; it was copied as a Titian by Van Dyck, his drawing has the name "Titianus" inscribed against it—and the Tintoretto attribution dates from the nineteenth century. Professor Wethey seems to feel some doubt of Titian's authorship, since his next sentence begins: "If by Titian . . .". In the following entry, for the much superior "Gentleman with a Book" at Boston, unqualified doubts are cast both on the signature and the ascription, seemingly because "the usual restraint in Titian's works". On the other hand, the unquestioned portrait of Julio Romano is accepted as an autograph work. Part of the difficulty arises from the fact that no attempt is made to establish how Titian's portraits were produced.

In addition to the designation "Titian (?)", which is perfectly permissible with a damaged Giorgioneque work like the *Ulizi* "Knight of Malta", whose true authorship may never be finally established, but is less so with the well-preserved "Knight of Santiago" at Munich, use is made of the categories "Titian and workshop" and "Workshop of Titian".

Given Titian's superhuman productivity, we are bound to postulate a component of workshop execution in very many of his portraits. An extreme case is the portrait of Sperone Speroni at Treviso, on which Professor Wethey comments that, "in spite of the excellent documentation of this portrait, the stiff, lifeless figure does not measure up to Titian's standards". We know, however, that Speroni (who should have known the facts) believed Titian to have painted the portrait, and the evidence from the painting itself suggests that the head was painted by Titian while the body was executed by a studio hand. In the portrait of Daniele Barbaro at Ottawa the same procedure was probably employed. There is a world of difference between these semi-Titian portraits and paintings like the "Francesco Maria della Rovere, Duke of Urbino" in the *Ulizi*, where the whole figure, and perhaps the entire paint surface, is due to Titian. One wonders why Professor Wethey has taken no account of Panofsky's brilliant note on the alleged truncation of this picture, and of his suggestion that the *Ulizi* drawing of the Duke standing in full-length follows and does not precede the painting.

There is also a world of difference between the portraits produced in Titian's studio and the copies that were made of them in the seventeenth century, especially those by Rubens. If a student of Titian mistakes one for the other, his confidence in the value of his visual judgment is necessarily impaired. Yet with the portrait

of Alfonso I d'Este, Duke of Ferrara, in the Metropolitan Museum, New York, this is precisely what Professor Wethey does. "The date is uncertain", he writes, "but this is definitely Titian's first portrait of Alfonso I d'Este". But it is not; it is, and is now widely conceded to be, a copy of Titian's lost portrait by Rubens. That the picture cannot be by Titian has been recognized by most responsible recent students, and the name of Rubens was indeed tentatively mentioned in connection with it in the 1920s when it was sold. There is something to be said for Professor Wethey's claim that "the energy and determination which the pose and the expression project have the psychological substance that reveals the hand of a great master", but the great master they reveal is Rubens, not Titian. Incidentally, the "presumed history" of the painting printed in this catalogue is fictitious in that it relates to Titian's original, not to the painting in New York.

It goes without saying that there is a good deal more to Titian's portraits than meets the eye, that they contain, like other great portraits of their time, hidden layers of meaning and interpretation. On only one occasion does Professor Wethey attempt an independent investigation of this aspect of Titian's work, with the Pitti "Concert", where the obvious theme . . . is Music, here presented as essential to the life of civilized man from youth to old age. Otherwise he is content to summarize, with varying degrees of precision, what has already been said, and sometimes to contest or to impoverish it. He does this with Panofsky's analysis of the clock imagery in Titian's portraits. It is open to any scholar to question Panofsky's account of the synchological meaning of these properties, but it is not legitimate to write of the "Knight with a Clock" in the Prado that "the clock must have been

of Titian's possession, identifiable in the . . . and are warranted, individually or jointly, in interfering with the number of action of any of their number. . . . His own good, . . . self-protection. . . . is not a sufficient physical or moral, is not a sufficient, absolute.

Titian is, arguably, the portrait-painter who has the range of visual and intellectual experience provided by his portraits that offered by any other portraitist. Sometimes one is optimistic, as we stand before the blue and white of Federico II Gonzaga at Mantua, in the Prado, or mine velvet coat worn by de' Medici in the Palazzo, or the whole range of pressures which we collectively employ to enliven the images like the "Charles V" at Munich.

Charles V" at Munich. . . . The present uproar about sexual matters diverts our attention from the urgent social problems, it at least draws our attention to what a trait wrongly identified as Giovanni Acquaviva in the gallery at Cassel. . . . The springs from the sense of soon to be severed contact, which the trial relies heavily on non-ordinary concepts like "dirty" man in Florence, and from the obtuse refusal which certain sitters, such as Paul III, answered the intrusive stare. Sometimes, as with the marvellous form of the "Laura de' Kreuzlingen" and the "Sirozio" in Berlin, and some of the quivering evocation, as with the "Arminio" in Madrid, Professor Wethey feels all this suppressed it from his text.

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subject of this essay is to assert one simple principle, as entitled to be absolutely the dealings of the individual in the way of compulsion and control, whether the compulsion and force in the way used be physical, or the moral or of legal opinion. That principle is that the sole end for which the end are warranted, individually or jointly, in interfering with the number of action of any of their number. . . . His own good, . . . self-protection. . . . is not a sufficient physical or moral, is not a sufficient, absolute.

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THE ABUSES OF LITERACY—7

The right to be left alone

BY ALAN RYAN

since it clearly would have tended to sap confidence in a regime founded on a mixture of superstition and brute force; but such self-defence seems to be morally on a level with the criminal's resisting arrest—excusable, and rational enough, but an aggravation of the original wickedness.

Is obscenity an incitement?

Now, the obvious question is whether "obscenity", construed as "tending to deprave and corrupt" ought plausibly to shelter under the umbrella of incitement. Is the publisher of an obscene article the publisher of an invitation to damage the legitimate interests of some specific part of society? The prosecution in both the *Oz* and the *Little Red Schoolbook* trials made much of the element of incitement; but the analysis of what exactly the prosecution objected to is made much harder by the diversity of acts to which the readers were supposedly incited, as well as by the fact that the readers were expected to be children, and thus more vulnerable to incitement because less able to bring an informed judgment of their own to bear. To put it simply, there was a good deal of confusion between the notion that children were incited to commit illegal acts such as smoking and taking amphetamines, that they were incited to commit acts which were immoral though not illegal, and that they were incited to commit acts which were imprudent, though possibly neither illegal nor immoral—adolescent sexual experimentation falling ambiguously in the last two categories. The defences in both cases seemed hampered by having to take on such a variety of charges. But, it is surely arguable that, on the first charge, a free society must at least allow anyone to challenge the rationality of the present laws against smoking. We cannot complain if the case for the status quo goes by default, as it must do so long as the defenders of the law cannot distinguish between the consequences of committing the crime of smoking and the consequences of smoking pot. On the sexual front, it goes virtually without saying that an inability to distinguish between wickedness and imprudence is a hopeless start to discussing what the clearest mind would find a complex topic.

If the prosecution in these cases could have shown that adolescent sexual experimentation always harmed non-experimenting others, it could have produced a case for an incitement reading—but there was precious little sign that there was any evidence it could call on. Inciting people to harm themselves is a rather different matter, and not one which the usual concept of incitement covers. It is, for all that, much the strongest card in the hands of the censors, and one which is worth saying about the attempt to analyse obscenity in terms of incitement is how little it has to do with the "plain man"—or dictionary—account of obscenity. This relies almost entirely on related concepts like the lewd and the filthy, the outrageous and the indecent.

A certain amount of the darkness which such events as the *Oz* trial have shed on this matter derives from the editors of *Oz*. Since they took

themselves, and now more than ever take themselves, very seriously as leaders of revolutionary social change, they were always in a weak position to resist charges of inciting an insurrection. It is, I think, equally true that they were in a weak position to resist obscenity charges, too, since in the plain man sense of obscene, much of *Oz* was certainly obscene, its object being precisely to shock. Whether that justified either the prosecution or anything else about the trial is something else altogether. It may even be true that some of the cartoons were so specific in their targets that they amounted to incitement to classroom revolt by placing particular teachers in a ludicrous light; but, it hardly takes £75,000 worth of Old Bailey trial to deal with misbehaviour on that scale.

But it is time to look at the non-utilitarian account of obscenity, particularly since this has now received some support from the appeal court's decision in the *Oz* case. This is the view that defending standards of decency by means of the law is itself something which society is entitled to do, and that the content of those standards is to be found in the feelings of the "right-thinking" man or woman. In one guise or another, this view is popular with judges. *The Times* and the *Warden of All Souls*. The most famous argument for the view that there is a "public morality" which is vulnerable to damage, even if no particular harm seems to be done to any assignable individual, was produced some years ago by Lord Devlin in his lecture on "The Enforcement of Morals". The belief that the man who produces obscene literature, pornographic pictures, or whatever, is undermining the moral consensus which ties society together, in some respects, not plausible. It certainly has an obvious advantage in a court of law, for it does not—apparently—require us to engage expert witnesses to debate the likelihood of depraving and corrupting the consumer. We may cheerfully agree that the consumer is already as depraved and corrupted as he is likely to become; what the law against obscenity does is prevent the seller and the buyer further weakening the moral consensus against which their activities offend.

Letting the jury decide

On this view, if we want to know whether something is obscene, we need only ask the jury to consult its feelings when it is presented with the article complained of. If the twelve travellers on the Clapham omnibus feel disturbed or shocked, and declare that their sense of decency is outraged, then the object is obscene and there's an end to the argument. In many ways, this is much the best account of obscenity—the obscene is what shocks some specific social group. It is, then, an intellectual puzzle to try to discover whether there are any constants in what people regard as obscene; or any anthropologist's response to just this kind of challenge is Mrs Douglas's *Purity and Danger*. That we can discover what as a matter of fact the limits of acceptability are by inquiring how the jury feels when confronted by the question of whether the proffered articles are obscene looks like progress. But is it? Have we not bought a decision

about whether an article is obscene at the price of leaving out any account of whether and when these feelings justify the law in preventing a publication from seeing the light of day? This question is often begged by writers who talk of "assaults" on public decency, or on the public's feelings of modesty and so on. But this misrepresents the case rather drastically. To think that we ought to be allowed to do things that other people believe to be indecent is not to claim that we ought to be encouraged to do them with the aim of upsetting other people's feelings of decency. My right to read obscene literature is by no means a right to insist that my neighbour should watch me doing so, let alone a right to insist that he should read it too.

But the fact that he would deplore my tastes, should he know of them, gives him no particular standing in the matter; unless he can show that I am likely to do him some definite damage in consequence, he must simply extend to me that same liberty of taste which I extend to him. Moreover, the question of who causes the distress is one we must watch: a man who insists on knowing about me things I would rather not tell him has only himself to blame if he does not like what he discovers, unless, once again, he can show what public damage my behaviour is going to cause. The old tale of the lady who complains about the man indecently exposing himself is perhaps the apposite analogy. Curiously enough, even Mrs Whitehouse concedes a good deal to this scepticism, for she has been explicitly concerned to distinguish between the status of books and television. In a family where turning off the television set is virtually impossible, the transmission of disturbing material may amount to something approaching an assault on the sensibility of the viewer. The belief that this requires the emasculation of the BBC could be remedial operation could be performed upon the television sets of the susceptible—a time switch and the elimination of the BBC 2 button would go a long way to meeting her requirements.

In fact, the defenders of the concept of "public morality" as a ground for legal action run into much the same problems that our earlier account of incitement ran into. Lord Devlin protested early on that his view was not "that the author would like to see the criminal law used to stamp out whatever makes the ordinary man sick"; the jury has to examine its feelings of disgust and ask whether the activity in question is one which is injurious to society, and then, only, are its feelings to be taken as grounds for refusing toleration. But this wrecks the plausibility of the initial attempt to define the impermissibly obscene in terms of the plain man's feelings. For the plain man is now thrown back on trying to work out what the effects of publishing obscene articles will be: expert witnesses will no doubt quarrel about these effects and also about whether they amount to changes for the better or the worse. With the publishing of *The Ladies Directory*, *The Little Red Schoolbook* have any measurable effect and will that be an effect for the worse? It is virtually impossible to guess. One common—but logically fatal—short-cut to the answer

must be avoided; that is the route of generalizing, and asking, "What if everyone does it?". Of course, marriage would collapse if we all took our sexual pleasures with the advertisers of *The Ladies Directory*; of course, industry would collapse if we spent all day reading pornographic books. But we would also bring about the collapse of the country's economic life if we spent all our time in other, generally approved activities. Spending all day drinking tea would paralyse industry as effectively as spending all day watching blue movies. What anyone needs to show, if we are to become seriously alarmed, is that the publication of dirty postcards, blue movies, and whatever, will bring about these disasters in a way which is radically different from the continued drinking of tea in moderation. The question seems at least as open as the question of permitting the sale of alcohol, cigarettes and motor cars.

The reluctant customer

So far, I have argued as if a taste for pornography, whether visual or literary, is simply a taste like any other. And in all this I have made no attempt to distinguish fringe from hard-core pornography. The convinced anti-utilitarian would almost certainly want to attack both the assumption and the omission. This seems to be the gist of Lord Longford's position, and his talent for attracting ludicrous publicity ought not to obscure the seriousness of his concerns. Lord Longford's case, so far as it can be gathered from interviews and one article in *The Observer*, is that the clients for hard-core pornography are not people who simply have unusual tastes which they wish to gratify in spite of the obstacles of disapproval, possible embarrassment, and so on. Rather, they are people with tastes they wish they did not have—and if this is true, it is important, just as it is important that an addict of any kind can, when not urgently in need, agree quite rationally that he would be better off without his addiction. But what it is that the ambivalent clientele does not like about its tastes is so far less clear: Lord Longford's examples vary between suggesting that the consumers fear they will hurt others and suggesting that they simply do not like the image of their personalities conveyed by their sexual tastes.

The first claim demands empirical evidence about the effects of pornography on its readers and the one present certainty is that we haven't any of a very compelling kind. Those who are impressed by Denmark will no doubt continue to exchange guesses with those who were horrified by the Moors Murders. But even with empirical evidence of a powerful kind, we still ought to be persuaded that the causal tie is overwhelmingly strong before we accept that the case for banning the sale of pornography is made out—men get drunk and commit assaults on policemen, but we deal with them under the ordinary laws of assault, rather than by closing the pubs. But this analogy is certainly two-edged in its implications; pubs sell a variety of drink, but not wood-alcohol. If there were some products of the pornographers' trade which stood in the same sort of relation to girls' magazines as wood-alcohol stands to whisky, no doubt we'd draw the line there. But, once again, what we want is evidence.

The second claim equally demands empirical evidence. It seems on the face of it likely enough that at any rate many steady clients of the pornography trade get rather little pleasure from what they purchase—though this in itself hardly distinguishes this branch of commerce from many others. Lord Longford may well discover that the guilts and anxieties of the consumers are, if anything, added to rather than diminished by what they buy. But, what follows? Perhaps the situation is analogous to that of the cigarette smoker. He plainly gets a good deal of pleasure—at least in the sense of an immediately gratifying release of tension—from the first smoke after abstinence; so, plausibly, does the purchaser of pornography. But from

For the greater glory of the Hohenzollerns

RÜDIGER KLESMANN:

The Berlin Gallery
Translated by D. J. S. Thomson
308pp. Thames and Hudson. £2.10 (paperback, £1.25).

Anyone who saw German cities in ruins immediately after the Second World War will marvel at the survival power of such fragile objects as paintings, particularly panel paintings from the late Middle Ages and Renaissance. For virtually all the great German collections survived the holocaust. Indeed the recent visitor carries away the impression that, in appearance at least, the galleries in Brunswick, Cassel, Dresden, Frankfurt, Hanover, and Munich are more splendid than ever. The one striking exception is the famous Berlin Gallery, better known before the war as the Kaiser-Friedrich-Museum.

Rüdiger Klesmann was assistant keeper of paintings in the Berlin Gallery from 1957 to 1970 before becoming director of the smaller but exquisite Herzog Anton Ulrich Museum in Brunswick; in an authoritative but leisurely text he describes the history of the Berlin Gallery from its origins to today, when most of its painting treasures are on display in the museum in the sleepy Berlin suburb of Dahlem.

The Berlin Gallery is one of the most recent of the great European galleries. It was founded in 1823—the year before Parliament passed the Act establishing the National Gallery—and its spectacular rise was closely connected with the domination of Germany by Prussia and its ruling house, the Hohenzollerns. The Hohenzollerns were late starters in the royal game of glory through art. When Schinkel's Neo-Classical building—the "Altes Museum"—was opened in 1830, only about one-third of the 1,200 paintings exhibited in it came from the old royal collections. The reaffirmation of their power at

the fall of Napoleon stimulated them into a frenzy of acquisition. They were largely guided by the scholar-connoisseur Alois Hirt. His methodical organization of the collections according to schools and periods established the principle of the art-historical system which has largely dominated museological thinking down to recent times.

Even before the appointment of the first director of the Prussian collections, Gustav Waagen—remembered today for his bulky *Treasures of Art in Great Britain* (1854)—the Prussian collections were enriched by two large and remarkable acquisitions. In 1815 the Giustiniani collection was bought in Paris. In 1821 the enormous and magnificent collection of Edward Solty, an English merchant resident in Berlin, was purchased. The lucrative Baltic trade, particularly in timber, enabled the enterprising Solty to build up a collection of 3,000 paintings. His following the Napoleonic wars shook the Prussian state, which took over his collection in order to bail him out. Dr. Klesmann notes contemporary criticism of a transaction which took place when "in several districts the King's subjects are in such dire need that they cannot even buy the salt for the enjoyment of their potatoes". The most treasured work in the collection was the Ghent Altarpiece painted by the Van Eyck brothers—"The Mystic Lamb"—which Solty had picked up from a dealer in 1818. A century later it and the Louvain Altar of Dirk Bouts were returned to Belgium under the "cultural treasures" articles of the Versailles Peace Treaty.

After the death of Waagen, the directorship was taken over in 1873 by Wilhelm von Bode, perhaps the greatest connoisseur-director in history. This energetic man exploited the large financial resources of the new imperial capital, Berlin. His lavish purchases further expanded

and enriched the collection. So plentiful were funds that the Minister of Finance took the initiative in offering the money necessary to purchase for Berlin from a Spanish government in grave difficulties all the paintings in the Prado. For half a century until his death in 1929, assisted brilliantly from 1896 by Max J. Friedländer—von Bode continued to direct the expansion of the magnificent collection and arrange its adequate housing on the Museum Island.

With the end of the German Empire, the era of expansion came to a close. The advent of the Nazis, in Dr. Klesmann's words, "caused serious disruption in the Berlin museums. Many art-connoisseurs were removed from office". He refrains from mentioning the reasons. An interesting account follows of the adventures of the Berlin picture collection during the Second World War, culminating in the Friedrichshagen disaster. Dr. Klesmann notes that during the air raids of February 3, 1945, American bombers scored twenty-five direct hits on the Museum Island alone. This is not surprising. From more recent experience and for obvious reasons it seems that bombers will always be more accurate against non-military targets. Early in the war most of the Berlin paintings were stored in the Friedrichshagen bunkers not far from the Museum Island. Because of a well-based fear of the Russians, 1,225 paintings were transferred on March 13, 1945, to mines south of Eisenach. About 400 works too large to be moved remained in the bunkers. According to Dr. Klesmann, immediately after the surrender of the city on May 2, Russian soldiers took over the installations. A few days later a fire destroyed its contents—the most serious loss that any single art collection ever suffered. Among the losses were Signorelli's "Pain, God, of Nature", three works of Caravaggio, eight of Rubens, four

of Van Dyck, and a number of large Italian Renaissance altarpieces. No official report about what actually happened has ever been published.

Dr. Klesmann then recounts the wanderings of the Berlin pictures which survived in the Eisenach mines, including an American tour of 202 of them, often "complete with military band and tanks". He is sarcastic about the philistinism of the Federal Government during the Adenauer period when there was little concern for cultural matters. It was not until 1961, after much wrangling between the Federal and several Land governments, that the

Dahlem Gallery's legal position was clarified. Dr. Klesmann notes the present imperfect housing of pictures in a building designed as a museum and not a picture gallery, and a new building to be constructed on the south side of the Tiergarten.

The Berlin Gallery contains illustrations; the ninety colour plates, a number of which are of high quality, are accompanied by a competent but conventional art-historical text.

Absolutely abstract

HANS L. C. JAFFE:

Vordemberge-Gildewart
Mensch und Werk
142pp. Cologne: DuMont. DM78.

Friedrich Vordemberge-Gildewart was born at Osnabrück in 1899 and died at Ulm in 1962. After studying architecture and sculpture at the Technische Hochschule in Hannover (1919-24), Vordemberge was soon in touch with El Lissitzky, the Russian Constructivist, who lived and worked there, as well as with Schwitters, Arp and van Doesburg. Through the Kestner-Gesellschaft, Vordemberge thus came to be associated with De Stijl, and later with the Abstraction-Création movement in Paris. In 1938 he settled in Amsterdam, and in 1954 was appointed Professor at the Hochschule für Gestaltung in Ulm.

As Hans L. C. Jaffe points out, Vordemberge was one of the first artists of this century who accepted from the start, and always remained true to, the limited abstract pictorial language of circles, triangles and

squares. His rather tedious barren work is wholly devoid of charm, fun, emotionalism or effects. Every composition is closely calculated in terms of relationships, intervals and proportions. Vordemberge's expressed aim was a "maximum of clarity with the minimum means".

This monograph, written by a friend, gives full biographical formation and discusses in detail his ideas and theories in architecture and sculpture at the beginning of his career. It is a well-illustrated book, containing a fully illustrated colour plate, based on the author's manuscript, thirty more, which are also included. The book is illustrated with many colour plates, sixteen large, and a further four pages of memory photographs.

Annals